

Free Book
Animal Farm: Factory Farming
By: Kelly Allers



This book is dedicated:

To all the relationships lost to politics. Every family member and friendship that recent polarizing politics has destroyed. This book is for you. As for you who are no longer friends with me, because of politics. You inspired me the most on this one, and you are missed. Thank you.

Animal Farm: Factory Farming

By: Kelly Allers

Cover art by Patrick Ennis

The Soundtrack

Chapter 1 — Ordinary — Alex Warren

Chapter 2 — How's the Heart — Nightwish

Chapter 3 — Waiting On the World to Change - John Mayer

Chapter 4 — This is Us. — Jimmie Allen & Noah Cyrus

Chapter 5 — Machines (Or "Back to Humans") — Queen

Chapter 6 — How to Save a Life — The Fray

Chapter 7 — Luckiest Man — The Wood Brothers

Chapter 8 — What Will Become Of Us — Passenger

Chapter 9 — Wasteland — Against The Current

Chapter 10.1 — Autumns Monologue — Autumn to Ashes

Chapter 10.2 — The Fiction We Live — Autumn to Ashes

Letter from the Author — Darkness Always Wins — Halestorm.

This is the soundtrack for Animal Farm: Factory Farming,
Have a listen, make the playlist, wait till you start the next chapter to play the next song.
Once you are done reading, take a listen to it all. See how it plays out as a full soundtrack.
Thank you to these and every musician. You are the ink for my quill.

Ghost

In a book
I found a Ghost,
He was hiding there.

In a look,
He found a host,
Someone to prepare.

To possess,
To help assess,
The dangers that approach,

I confess,
I'm worthless,
But he insists to coach.

I am scared,
Not of the ghost,
Of his warnings, fear it.

From his mind,
I did find.
Within his voice, his spirit.

Chapter 1

“Donkeys live a long time,” stated Benjamin “I doubt any of you will live long enough to see a dead donkey.” The farm animals felt like they’d heard the speech before. The words were the same, but Benjamin’s tone was somehow different.

“I’ve seen this farm go through many changes, I remember them all throughout the years. I remember a time before this place had ever been called ‘Animal Farm’”. Many of the animals leaned in as many were either born on the farm or came to the farm via trade or auction. It was springtime on the farm and the snow had just lost its grip on the farms of England.

Benjamin seldom talked at all. In recent weeks, after Napoleon and his pigs were taken, Benjamin had started to take on more of a leadership role around the farm. Many animals disliked the old donkey who had been up until now gloomy and antisocial. He was a familiar figure on the farm, always stayed the same, but had most recently started greying around the muzzle. It was true that Benjamin had been around for a while. The old donkey certainly had many passionate followers now as well as equally passionate opposers.

It had been a time of uncertainty for the animals on the farm. Humans, who were a long time enemy of Animal Farm, had been invited to come on to the farm. This was exactly 80 days ago, before the snow struck England, snow which was just starting to disappear. The Humans had inspected the farm and claimed that Napoleon had earned their respect. This was something that the animals on the farm had never heard of. An animal gaining the respect and admiration of a human.

The respect was short-lived, however for the humans had left with many of the pigs in hand after their leader, Napoleon, was caught cheating in a game of cards. Napoleon and his mouthpiece Squealer, were never seen again on the farm. The humans had left the rest of the animals behind to fend for themselves.

“This is Animal Farm” they said in justification. “The animals will just have to figure it out for themselves while we take these fat pigs to the county fair,” they laughed and cheered as they hauled the pigs off, leaving the animals in a leaderless state.

Not all of the pigs were taken and there were still a great deal of them. They all stuck together living in a sty in the old farmer’s house. None of them, however seemed capable of rising to the task of becoming a leader. At least, not compared to Benjamin, who was slowly gaining more followers as he continued to talk to the animals of a strange old belief called Animalism.

Benjamin claimed it to be a freedom for all the animals he had only seen for a small point of his long life before the pig had twisted it like their twisted tails. The animals listened intently as he told them tales where every animal was free and equal and prosperous. Where hard work came with extra rewards and happiness was attainable by all.

The chickens and other poultry were concerned at this talk of hard work, they knew from past stories passed down to them from the older hens that talk of equality often led to inequalities. Of course the farm’s old rules were still painted on the old barn wall despite only a few animals could read anymore. It had been a long time since reading felt important, those days seemed long gone. Except for some pigs that still remained, an old horse, named Clover, whose eyesight was so bad she couldn’t see the words anyway, and Benjamin, few animals could still

read. The farm now relied on heavily on the farm rats and the farm pigeons to deliver news from around the farm. They filled a void in Squealers absence, who had been an important voice for the farm up until his removal.

Both the rats and the pigeons would spread out and collect stories from the animals and spread them. The rats seemed to favour entertainment over fact and would sometimes find ways to stir up the animals. This was causing the animals to fight and argue with each other while the rats would sneak away with food while they were fighting. In seeing their success, the pigeons started serving a similar role on the farm. Often providing stories to counter the ones the rats told. This created division amongst the animals who would often argue about who was right about a matter. Was it the rats or the pigeons? The animals never seemed to truly know.

The rats in particular liked to spread tales of the terrors of other farms. One farm in particular, Golden Acres. This was Animal Farm's newest neighbour since the purchase of the fields from Mr. Pinkerton. Stories of Golden Acre's ruler, Farmer Braggart, and how he terrorized his animals were one of the most popular conversations in all of Animal Farm.

Although many things had changed over the years, the proud windmill still stood strong. Up there on top of the hill, churning away in progress, Benjamin gestured towards it. "We have the power now my friends" he spoke. "I know times have been hard but now is the time to come together under the principles of our founder, Old Major, and together, we can make animal farm the freest place on earth. For all animals! A farm where every animal has a safe barn, a stall, hay and straw and protection from wild dogs."

There had been recent problems on all the nearby farms with dogs, many of which had originated from Animal Farm and had left for the nearby forests, trading a civil life for a feral one. These feral dogs had been terrorizing all of the farms, including Animal Farm. Unfortunately all the other farms placed the blame of these dogs, squarely on Animal Farm's reckless behaviours. They had after all been Napoleon's dogs at one time and old farmer Jones' before then. Both old rulers were no longer around to blame.

Much like the pigs, the dogs had populated on the farm faster than any other animal. With Napoleon gone, so were the dog biscuits. Having no dog biscuits didn't sit well with the dogs. Some dogs still remained loyal but the cost of fighting other dogs was taking its toll. Veterinary care was a hard sacrifice for the animals, one they didn't know how to pay.

"Let me lead you" Benjamin pleaded "Together, we can build more barns and stand up to the other farmers," it was true that shelter was becoming an issue on the farm. Many animals had been purchased recently by Napoleon. The animals did not have enough room in the barn now and many had started sleeping outside. For reasons unknown, Napoleon had wanted to buy animals more than anything. He told the other animals that all animals should know the freedom of Animal Farm.

Now Benjamin had usually been bitter, normally saying things like 'things could not be better or worse' and 'hunger and hardship and disappointment were the unalterable way of life'. Since the pigs were taken however, Benjamin, for the first time ever, seemed slightly more the optimist rather than the cynic.

"We can use the windmill to deliver on Animalism's promise of putting animals first. With two windmills, we will realize the great promise of Animalism!" Benjamin paused for a moment before speaking again. "It might not be a lot to you, but this farm has given me everything. Life.

Food. Friends. Family. It's where I stand under the beautiful green flag, which used to have a horn and a hoof on it, which I promise to also restore." Benjamin promised the animals.

There was a sudden commotion amongst the farm animals. A human had arrived on Animal Farm, which caused every animal slight unease. That was until it was confirmed that it was simply Mr. Whymper, the farm's human broker, who had arrived on foot and let himself in through the front five barred gate. Times had been very good for Mr. Whymper, as he had profitably assisted Napoleon in the past. The farm had not asked for him in a while so he took it upon himself to check on the well-being of Animal Farm.

Mr. Whymper was mindful of his steps as the farm had become very littered with animal waste. Upon his shoulder sat Mr. Whymper's biggest prize, a talking scarlet macaw parrot. A purchase he had made a few years back. Recently he had become so bonded to the bird, he was free to walk around with it sitting faithfully on his suit.

Mr. Whymper felt safe because the bird was housebroken. Safer than he felt for his shoes which were quickly staining brown despite how carefully he walked. He crept quietly towards the animals immediately realizing the donkey was trying to lead them now.

This simply won't do. Mr. Whymper thought immediately. He felt that from how the donkey looked at him, that he could expect this farm to become less reliance on his broker services. The donkey was sure to become problematic for Mr. Whimper. The animal waste was also going to be problematic for all the animals. Animals, which Mr. Whymper actually cared about. He had been serving the farm as a broker for years now. He knew these animals had taught themselves amazing things, like reading and writing. Still, they were just animals. He felt maybe it was time for him to lead them.

"Leaders must earn their legitimacy." Mr. Whymper said to the donkey.

His parrot repeated it a couple of times with gusto.

"Leaders, must earn their legitimacy" the massive red bird squawked.

"I have been serving this farm for a long time." Mr. Whymper said to the animals. "To those of you who don't know me, I am Mr. Whimper."

Chapter 2

The animals stared at him blankly. For some animals had seen him before. He had only really spoken with Napoleon and his pigs. He had not been present at the card game or the county fair having left both events early. Mr. Whymper had indeed real ignorance on why Napoleon left Animal Farm, but took the opportunity to fix it .

“I am so terribly sorry to interrupt” Mr. Whymper began, “but I have urgent and terrible news! Farmer Braggart has been uttering threats of taking over your farm. He claims to have the resources to, and I quote, put your farm back in order. He says he’s even willing to buy it. “

“He can’t buy it” crowed a young rooster named Jericho. This Orpington rooster had been known to be a bit of a loudmouth around the farm. “he can’t buy it because it belongs to the animals.”

Mr. Whymper was taken aback. He had known the animals could talk but he didn’t expect them to speak so... eloquently.

“Regardless of that he wants your farm.” Mr. Whymper urged “he is a ruthless businessman, he will take what he wants. You won’t be able to stop him... Oh, by the way, where are the pigs? Should they not be helping with this?” Mr. Whymper asked looking around the farm.

Mr. Whymper’s question hit a cord with the animals. Solving problems on the farm was indeed the pigs job, but there was a sudden absence in the pigs presence, this had been what lead to Benjamin taking a leadership role in the first place.

The young rooster scoffed. “Those pigs don’t care about us. They won’t come crawling out until they’ve eaten every scrap of food in the farmers house. Then, when they’re only other option is starvation, that’s when they will come out .”

“Well, you see there is your problem.” Mr. Whymper began “Your farm has no leader and it needs one. A strong leader who can stand up to Farmer Braggart and get your pigs managed. I, for one have a great relationship with Farmer Braggart. We know each other through our mutual relationship at the bank and I just know I can convince him to leave us alone. That is of course, if you would let me lead, I know animals are essential to progress.”

“Animals are essential to progress” the parrot squawked in affirmation.

The animals couldn’t believe what they were hearing. Would they honestly let a human be in charge of animal farm. There was a brief silence, but then suddenly some of the sheep started chanting their quotes half the sheep’s were chanting one quote and the other half were chanting another. Their quotes were similar but the words altered slightly. Some sheep chanted “four legs good two legs bad” and the other group chanted “four legs good, two legs better” to which arguments broke out amongst the animals who were more divided than ever before.

The chickens started to hang out over with the sheep that said “two legs better” well the ones that chanted “two legs bad” seemed to move more towards Benjamin along with any animal with four legs.

“Enough” Benjamin let out a mighty Heehaw silencing the animals “we must not fight with each other. All animals are equal! With this in mind, they’re just must be a way we can secure our farm away from the farmers and from humans.” Benjamin said looking at the human that stood right there.

“Humans are animals too.” Mr. Whympet responded “all of this leg nonsense is beneath us. Are not snakes, who have no legs at all, still your brothers in Animalism? You who claim animals are equal and yet speak of the pigs, the dogs, the humans as if they are less,” suddenly, Mr. Whympet reached in his small satchel and pulled out some dog biscuits, which immediately moved the dogs over to the “two legs better” side, away from the donkey who rallied beside the cows and the four horses. Mr. Whympet passed out dog treats as he spoke to any of the animals that would listen “I believe it is our responsibility to protect the most vulnerable of us.” Mr. Whympet said to which the parrot repeated very enthusiastically.

“It’s our responsibility to protect the most vulnerable of us!” it cried out Joyously.

“This is Polly.” Mr. Whympet stated. “This is my best animal friend. I am different than other humans. I care about all of you animals, even back when Napoleon was in charge. I’m great with people, great with animals. I can do it all unlike that donkey who I’m sure has no plan at all.”

“Plans are meaningless planning is everything” Benjamin responded.

“Well, I have a plan and a plan is better than no plan.” said Mr. Whympet,

Polly repeated this as well in agreement. Mocking the donkey, “plan is better than no plan!” it squawked.

“Mr. Donkey, I must ask you, what do you plan to do about everyone’s brown hooves? Your farm has become completely covered in dung. Brown hooves are bad! What you animals want is green hooves. Green hooves stained by the grass. That is a sign of healthy hooves. You too, you chickens would do well to learn to be like Polly and care enough to become what we call housebroken . If only you knew how bad the smell was!”

The dogs that were still loyal to the farm looked to speak out that the smell didn’t bother them. They looked at Mr. Whympet who dropped a hand back into a satchel, revealing yet more dog treats. The message and body language was read by the dogs, who soon all cried out that the animal waste was a huge problem. The smell was violating their noses and that it was affecting their paws too. It was suddenly unbearable. This was quickly becoming a large issue now as more animals were becoming convinced that animal waste and Farmer Braggart were the biggest problems the farm had ever faced. The wild dogs and the lack of barn space seemed minimum compared to the threat of disease or takeover.

Suddenly, the old blind mare, Clover, spoke, to which all seemed to listen “I... I seem to remember being told that our dung was what fertilized the soil” Clover said in a meek voice.

“YOUR DUNG IS PLANET ABUSE!” Mr. Whympet roared back to which many of the animals cheered. They felt they had been smelling the dung for a long time. If there was a leader that could actually do something about it, they would be in full support.

Seeing the support he was getting from the animals Mr. Whympet went on. “You animals are filthy. You are covered in faeces. I’m sure it’s causing all kinds of problems. Sickness. Hoof rot.” Mr. Whympet reflected for a moment on what the sheep had said it “it should be well known that green hooves are good and brown hooves are bad.” this seemed to strike a cord with the sheep. An easy, simple and obvious truth for good sheep to rally behind. With dung getting caught in their wool, they too, felt the animal waste was getting out of control and needed to be dealt with. They started chanting to each other “green hooves good, brown hooves bad” in an effort to rally the animals to their cause.

All the animals, however did not rally. Many distrusted the human and wanted the farm to still be ran by animals who believed in Animalism. Animals who believed it was those principles for which their ancestors had fought for and why animals from all over England wanted to come there and be free.

As the animal sided and argued their sides, they found neither side could come to an agreement on who would lead them. That was until Mr. Whymper finally offered a solution.

“We shall put it to a vote. If all of the animals on the farm here are equal then we will go and draw a line in the field. Every animal will stamp their hoof, or paw, or bird print in the mud and will cast their vote. We will count them, and the majority vote will determine the leader once and for all” a solution to which Benjamin agreed.

“This would be the best way to build a better farm for all.” Mr. Whymper said and Polly once again repeated.

Chapter 3

The animals gathered in a vast open field of dirt and dung. Almost every animal gathered excited that there could be changes made to benefit the farm. The animals were divided, physically, as they were grouped around their chosen leader. Horses, cows, and goats, mostly on the side of Benjamin the donkey, while a smaller more densely connected group of poultry, rats, sheep dogs, and even the cat lined up near Mr. Whymper. The two leaders stood alone on a small dirt pile addressing all the animals. Polly who was usually on Whymper’s shoulder was standing in a tree amongst the animals, with the pigeons and the sparrows.

Soon something happened that the animals did not expect. The pigs came out of the farmhouse. They had not joined the other animals in a very long time. They moved in a single file once again on all fours and heads low they lined up alongside the poultry and sat in the dung. Their energy seemed low. In truth they had not been the same since Napoleon had left.

Suddenly Moses, the Raven dropped in as well, but not on the side of the animals on the side of their leaders. “Animals of Animal Farm” Moses crowed, “Don’t be fooled by either of these fools. Only I, Moses the Raven, is fit to lead. Me, who knows of Sugar Candy Mountain. Let me lead you and I’ll give you a life of promise and hope.” the raven cawed.

The animals booed the Raven and Mr. Whymper gestured him away, so that the debate between him and the talking donkey could get done and over with.

“It’s our responsibility to leave this farm a better farm for those who will eventually inherit it,” Mr. Whymper stated as the animals cheered. “We do not own the farm so much as we are Stewards of it, carrying it forward to the next generation. We cannot let young animals grow up on a farm, where they must worry about sickness and disease. Where the air is so dirty it cannot be consumed without tasting the forgotten old dung of those who left their waste behind and do nothing to clean up after themselves. I submit to you that for this farm, cleanliness is the ultimate test of responsibility.” Mr. Whymper said in his opening statement.

“We must clean this farm. We must protect this farm, and keep Farmer Braggart away! Animals, vote for me and I will make your hooves green!” Mr. Whymper said enthusiastically.

No one showed louder than his Scarlet macaw sitting in a tree that was shading some of the animals. Many of the animals feeling the message. It seemed like there was little that old Benjamin could do to convince the animals to vote for him.

“My friends please don’t be fooled by his charm. Mr. Whymper is a human. He is even more compromised than Napoleon was. The past years of suffering were because Napoleon had ruined Animal Farm. He was what ruined Animalism. That human, he helped him. Mr. Whymper helped Napoleon destroy the farm. That’s why we must go back” said Benjamin, the donkey very passionately.

The animals looked at each other confused. Benjamin’s tone was so angry compared to Mr. Whymper’s.

“We cannot go backwards. We can only go forward. I have a responsible plan to deal with the waste. This donkey here just wants you to keep doing what you were doing, ignorant to the warning signs and the consequences of all your actions. Donkey, this farm is suffering and it’s because you are not acting responsibly.” Mr. Whymper declared.

“If you only knew the farms potential,” Benjamin went on directing his message to the animals, “this farm has the power to give us everything! To provide for all us animals. The power to restore the promise of Animalism. A promise that all animals are equal. If you vote for Mr. Whymper, things will be exactly as they were under Napoleon! The farm won’t get better, it’ll get worse.” The donkey, Benjamin said. “If we all work hard together, then together we can enjoy what we produce. We can keep what we produce. Mr. Whymper will end up becoming just another human farmer.”

“No, this time it’s different,” Mr. Whymper responded in kind. Animals supporting the human rallied and could hear Polly in a tree crying out “this time it’s different” over and over cheering with the other animals. The animals on Benjamin’s side looked horrified.

Afterwards the animals lined up as the voting began. It was over rather quick. The animal put a hoof print, a paw print or bird print, on the area for their candidate, and then just walked away.

Animals of all kinds voted both ways as this decisive vote would determine which issues mattered most to the animals. It was decided that the pigs, despite their differences were still the smartest animals, and therefore the only third-party qualified to count the votes. During which, a young pig Florence, who was an older piglet of Napoleon’s, noticed something odd, there was a human handprint in the mud. She called the pigs over and they all looked over crossing the line and inspecting the handprint. They wondered for a moment what it could mean, but as they stood back again, they noticed that with all the fresh pig tracks. There was more footprints on the broker side than the donkeys. So it was quickly determined that the handprint didn’t matter anyways, as the vote was won by more than one.

With that, the votes were cast. The votes were counted. The broker, Mr. Whymper had won. When they told the animals that, they all just accepted it. Even old Benjamin had nothing to say other than that he wished Mr. Whymper well and then headed for the barn.

“Stop” Mr. Whymper called. “Donkeys take up too much space in the barn. We could fit a great deal of animals in there if you were not inside. Donkeys sleep outside from now on.” the broker stated. The animals on Benjamin side were outraged, but the argument was quickly dissolved when another animal, a goat named Damien, volunteered to go outside in the donkey’s

place. With the agreement struck. The animals seem pleased enough for now, as was Mr. Whymper, although he had beaten the donkey, he had not succeeded in getting rid of him as he had hoped he would. Being stuck with him might not be so bad he thought to himself as he reunited with Polly. He then went towards the farmhouse with the pigs to work on his plans to bring the farm into the future.

As he left, he stopped and turned to the animals once more, “thank you for your vote, I humbly accept your request to lead this farm. I know leadership is an acceptance of responsibility, not power.” Mr. Whymper proclaimed.

Most the animals felt safe and secure with the decision. Most of them.

Chapter 4

As Mr. Whymper walked through the door he noticed that the farmhouse had really gone downhill from the time of farmer Jones, and even the time of Napoleon.

Upon getting inside, Mr. Whymper felt like it might be cleaner outside. A combination of waste and food littered the floor inside the house. It hardly seemed to fit for any human. Somehow, it seemed to work good for the pigs. Mr. Whymper figured, they could have it, but he would need something different.

Mr. Whymper rallied the pigs together in the living room of the house to tell them about his plans for the farm. The other animals did not come into the farmhouse as it had become the soul domain of the pigs. At this point, it felt as though the farmhouse was a symbol of power and luxury, and for no one else on the farm. With the one exception being the pigeons and the rats, who would occasionally sneak in, looking to steal food or discover stories to relay to the animals.

Polly was the only new animal to the farmhouse, the bird had never seen animals live like this ever before. The bird had spent most its life in it's cage and eventually, once bonded, alongside Mr. Whymper. Polly sat there on the brokers shoulder, excited to know it would be around many animals from now on.

As the pigs gathered they talked amongst each other. Curious to hear Mr. Whymper's plan to save the farm. Mr. Whymper called them to assemble as he spoke to them.

“Ask not what you can do for animals. Ask what animals can do to you and imagine the consequences.” It seemed a strange statement to the pigs, but it resonated. One of the reasons the pigs stayed in the farmhouse was because they were too afraid to face the other animals.

“Animals however, are essential to progress.” Mr. Whymper went on. “All we must do is bring the values of the animals into line with those of civilized society, and to do this we will need help.” The pigs were fully attentive to their new leader.

“Tell me, have you animals heard of the bank?” Mr. Whymper asked. The pigs had heard of it, but their knowledge was extremely limited having never left the farm. They had no real understanding of what the word meant.

Mr. Whymper noticed this by their silence and immediately and tried to educate them on the bank and the values of modern society.

“The bank it's a magical place a place where poop hardly exists. It's a quiet sanctuary of order amongst the chaos of the world. The heartbeat of progress. Imagine the smell of ink and

paper in the air. Everything so sterile and clean. It is the cathedral of commerce. A partnership forged with trust. Trust is the currency of progress and banks are nothing, if not trustworthy. Much like a bank we must operate this farm under similar values. Solidarity, fairness, responsibility, sustainability. These are values we must exercise because like muscles, values grow with exercise” Mr. Whymper paused intently, looking to every pig’s ear to be certain of its attention.

“These are the values we need, that will help us clean and protect the farm, building a better farm for all.” Mr. Whymper had captured all the farmhouse’s wonder. Polly sitting peacefully on Mr. Whymper’s shoulder seemed very engaged as well.

“Using these values we can create value for the bank and, the more they value us, the more they trust us. The more they trust us, the greater the potential for our prosperity. The way they learn to trust you is similar to the way that I trust Polly. I trust Polly not to poop on me.” The pigs laughed but in some way it made sense.

“Much like this farm, you pigs need to become housebroken. I realize Napoleon had a system to clean the floors when company was coming my system is to stop them from getting dirty in the first place. This means new systems that I will explain in detail to you later, involving litter boxes, plastic bags, and other waste management tactics I will take for the farm. A cornerstone of this will involve the three Rs’. Do any of your pigs know the three Rs’?”

“Reduce, Reuse and Recycle?” said Timothy, a young boar from one of Napoleon’s many litters. He had read it on a note the front of one of the old farmers doors.

“No,” Mr. Whymper replied, “those are obsolete. The three Rs’ are Reporting, Risk management and Return optimization.” Mr. Whymper stated.

“But what does it mean?” Timothy asked.

“Oh, it’s quite simple. Just let me grab something.” Mr. Whymper, once again watching carefully to save his shoes from the mess, walked into the bathroom and grabbed a fresh roll of toilet paper from the cupboard. A supply likely still from Jones’s day. As he walked into the living room back towards the pigs, he placed the toilet paper in front of the pigs.

“How are you gonna train some of these essential horses to be housebroken? It’s just not gonna be possible. I don’t think they’re smart enough to understand it.” Asked Timothy.

“You pigs may have learned to read and write, but you haven’t begun to fully understand the value of paper.” he tore her off a piece of toilet paper. “This will be known as a Team Pass or TP for short. What it means is that we can use this to allow for some animals to be able to break the rules, just because they are that valuable because of what they do for the farm. Others will be heavily scrutinized for their waste management and overall value. This is so we can determine the cost of dealing with their waste as compared to the overall value they bring to the farm.

“Valuable animals who serve the betterment of the farm, will be treated with TP, Team Passes, that will allow them less restrictions when it comes to their waste management. Animals that don’t serve the farm or the agenda to clean the farm will face consequences.” Mr Whymper stated. “Those who refuse to change will cease to exist.” Mr. Whymper proclaimed.

The animals seemed weary about this briefly, could that be worse than Napoleon?

“How will this all be determined?” asked Gilbert, another boar of Napoleon’s. “and whose job will it be to make such important decisions?”

“It will be our job, of course,” Mr. Whymper said. “Using the three Rs’. Reporting, Risk management and Return optimization.”

The pigs all nodded in agreement. No one on the farm was even close enough to understanding this as much as they were. Also, from their experience with the other animals, they might not understand this for a very long time.

For the first time since Napoleon left the pigs had rallied behind this new cause, and its new leader.

“We need to get rid of the old irresponsible ways and bring about an era of prosperity, where the animals, all of the animals, are considered stakeholders of the farm. Not just themselves or the leader, but everyone on the farm, the chickens, so low to the ground, the snakes, the sheep, the rats, all the little creatures. The dogs that have to smell the waste, they all have a stake in the farm’s wellbeing, and the animals deserve to have a clean farm. As do their children, and their children’s children. This will build our farm’s value. Value built on values. Moral values for the betterment of civilized society.” Mr. Whymper paused and then opened a window curtain in the farmhouse. He waited for everyones eyes to adjust to the new light before he continued.

“I will personally oversee this operation from there.” Mr. Whymper pointed at the windmill at top of the hill as he spoke. “We shall dismantle the windmill and build for me a new home. One we shall call Stakeholder Manor. It will be a clean hall for me to work diligently on making sure the farm gets clean. The animals will look at it and know I’m there protecting their interests and watching over their safety. I will make arrangements with the bank for this as well as some new machines that will help us around the farm. We are going to build back better and create a strong farm for all stakeholders.”

Chapter 5

The young rooster, Jericho, crowed intently early in the cold morning. He was eager to wake up the other animals. Something big had arrived before the daylight had struck the farm. Something very unusual.

All the animals rushed together. The farm was normally a quiet place far removed from the normal disruptions of every day life. Deliveries had come and gone for the farm, but this one was huge. It arrived in the dark and it wasn’t until morning light that the rooster Jericho, perched on the roof of the barn noticed the new red behemoth.

“What is it ?” Jericho asked, pecking at the massive black tire.

“I don’t know,” replied all the animals. They were shocked and confused as they circled the red machine upon which they found three triangles and the words, Massey Ferguson, which didn’t seem to mean anything to the animals suddenly something even stranger occurred. The door of the farmhouse opened, and Timothy the pig, strutted out on his hind legs. It was immediately noticed that he was dressed in a rather particular set of clothing.

He had on coveralls, a blue shirt, and a big straw hat and as the animals stared at him all of them, wondered why the outfit looked so familiar. In the pig’s mouth was a silver key. He walked

over to the machine, and with some difficulty he managed to place the key in the ignition and ignite the tractor.

Black smoke screamed into the air, and the tractor roared louder than any animal on the farm as the pig, struggling without thumbs but determined as ever put the tractor into gear and stormed off into the fields, leaving behind a trail of black smoke. The animals watched an amazement as the tractor went to work. The farm had three big work horses, and the tractor was easily doing their work and more. They couldn't help but wonder what this could mean for the farm if the machines stole all the work of the animals, then what would the animals do?

Timothy, the pig had never driven a tractor before today and was surprised to find that after a few short hours how natural driving it was starting to feel. The sun was hot and the day long. As he wiped sweat from his brow he looked back at the field and found the tractor did the work of so many animals.

He was extremely relieved at this and happy to see not a single bit of dung or waste was left behind in the field. He still had one thing to do before finishing up for the day.

It was around that time that Mr. Whymper arrived back on the farm. He had been attending to meetings all day. With the bank, with construction companies, and with many other farm related organizations. Mr. Whymper had felt quite busy with the farm. He was likely the more busy than any of the animals. The only other ones that were as busy were the pigs. Learning how to manage animals and use the tractors being of the up most importance. The farm was in an animal waste crisis and they needed to fix it.

The animals rushed around Mr. Whymper. they all had questions about the machinery and what it meant to the farm and what it might mean for them. They had realized quickly that if the tractor did their work, what would that mean for their usefulness on the farm? As Mr. Whymper tried to talk to the animals a loud noise from across the farm and immediately silenced everyone the animals altogether race towards the sound of the noise.

There on the top of the hill lay a tragic site. The windmill had once again been destroyed, this time by the farm's own tractor.

"Humility rebuilds, what arrogance destroys," mourned Benjamin.

"I couldn't agree with you more, donkey." Mr. Whymper responded. As he walked through the ruins of the once proud windmill. "but this time it's different, this time I have a plan that is going to work far better than before. Using an efficient fuel called diesel. It is a cleaner, waste free energy source that can efficiently do the job without leaving behind that harmful animal waste. It is the future of farms"

"We've seen your big machine. Should we be impressed?" Jericho scoffed, "big metal soulless beings moving with only purpose, not pride. What are us animals supposed to do without work?"

"You still have a job, rooster, so why are you complaining? Do whatever you want as long as you follow the rules of the farm, you will be given work and food, but don't worry all you need to do is listen and comply and you will be fine. Better than fine actually because you won't have to work as much or is hard, isn't that something you animals always wanted ?" Mr. Whymper was very convincing, all the animals agreed that the tractor and diesel power would be good for the farm.

"What about the black smoke? Isn't that bad for the air?" Clover asked.

“You silly horse, don’t you know? If it doesn’t make sense, it doesn’t make sense. Look at that smoke disappearing in the air. Surely that’s not causing anyone harm” Mr. Whymper dismissively said.

Many animals agreed that the smoke wasn’t near as bad as the animal waste was looking at the windmill ruins the animals felt Mr. Whymper was right. This time really was different and they were grateful to have someone like smart Mr. Whymper looking after the farm and their well-being. If any animals had reservations it was dismissed when the broker spoke.

“Be happy animals, your days of hard work are finally over” Mr. Whymper announced.

Chapter 6

After that day, the farm had changed forever. The tractor took over the fields, and the large animals felt displaced as they looked for new purpose on the farm.

The sheep and chickens were quite happy. The waste problems were slowly getting better. The dogs at the call of the pigs we’re doing everything they could to keep the big, less intelligent animals in line. This would prove to be as difficult for the dogs, as it was for the horses and the cows. The dogs who were no longer protecting the farm from the feral ones, which had continued running loose.

There was some animosity now on the farm as the horses and cows alongside a few other animals remained noncompliant. This posed a problem as without solidarity other animals might drift back to their old dirty ways.

The tractor had now officially cleared out most of the windmill, and the foundation for Stakeholder Manner had now completed its concrete foundation, now hardened.

Mr. Whymper gathered all the animals of the farm. They stood together on the hill where Stakeholder Manor would be built. A perfect view, overlooking the farm. As Mr. Whymper spoke, even Moses the raven dropped down to hear what Mr. Whymper had to say. Polly standing proudly on his shoulder, leaned in, completely interested as well.

“Animals cannot be trusted to manage their own lives. You need humans to do it for you. Don’t cry or fret, it’s just in your nature and I understand. You can not fight your nature. You come from a long line of domesticated species that we humans have domesticated over the course of millennia. Now however, things are changing because there are too many animals for the old ways to work anymore.” Mr. Whymper sighed, “I too am nostalgic for the older simpler times, but the truth is we just can’t go back. We can’t go back to labour and we can’t go back to the windmill.”

Many animals cheered the announcement, but there is those who were noncompliant that did not.

“We are making great progress in our green hooves movement. How are your animals liking your green hooves?” Mr. Whymper asked.

“Green hooves good! Brown hooves bad!” the sheep shouted back in agreement, practically in unison.

“yes and these green hooves need to be felt by everyone. For you to do this you must recognize your obligations to each other.” The animals cheered in that statement as Polly the

parrot repeated it over and over as the applause ran out even the disenfranchised still had hope in the statement.

“In the name of solidarity, fairness, responsibility, and sustainability we will be asking you a small sacrifice for the greater good.” Mr. Whymper stated. This perplexed the animals. What sort of sacrifice could the broker have in mind?

“All I’m asking is for you to line up and accept this colourful tag with the number on it, that’ll make it much easier for the pigs and I to track you and your waste habits. There will be consequences if you don’t manage your business well, but worry not, we will be fair.”

Mr. Whymper explained the plan to the animals in great detail and after hearing the plan, the animals appeared very confused. Polly, however, continued to advocate for Mr. Whymper, saying things like “recognize your obligations to each other,” and “we must protect the most vulnerable of us” and that “we are building a better farm for everyone.” Polly, the beautiful macaw spoke to the animals in ways that helped the animals trust Mr. Whymper’s plan, and soon the animals started lining up to get tagged in the name of solidarity to the farm.

“Those animals who make sacrifices in the name of solidarity, expect others to do the same” Mr. Whymper said to the animal still against Mr. Whymper’s plan. “what are you willing to tolerate until it becomes self-destructive?” Mr. Whymper asked.

“It’s your plan. It’s just not perfect for everyone.” replied Benjamin the donkey “don’t you see it?”

“Perfect is the enemy of the good” replied Mr. Whymper. “We are in a crisis and we cannot wait for the perfect plan for everyone. We must charge forward and address the problem, we can reevaluate the plan and its effectiveness as we move forward.” He explained to the donkey, who he was actually starting to respect as a wiser animal.

“Donkeys live a long time.” replied Benjamin and then he did something. The animals did not expect. He moved over toward the lineup to get a tag.

From there many animals followed Benjamin. They wanted to make the farm a better place too. They loved the farm and their community of animals and very few at this point wanted to be singled out. Those that did, were got accused about not caring about the farm or the animals. The pigs tagged the animals as they lined up. Some tags went on the foot of some animals and on the ears of other animals. Soon almost every animal was tagged and only one large animal stood out amongst the noncompliant. The old, blinding mare, Clover. Jericho, the rooster, and Damien the goat also held the line next to the old mare.

“Why won’t you just join the herd and get tagged with the rest of the animals” Mr. Whymper asked.

Clover pawed at the ground a moment trying to collect her thoughts. “It’s just it’s just not going to get any better for us horses, is it?” She asked with a sad whinny.

“You have to trust me. Trust is the currency of progress” Whymper replied.

“I’m done with trust I’ve seen what it brings” said Clover defiantly striking the ground with her foot.

“Well, I was initially going to save this for another meeting, but I do have a different solution as to how you can still help the farm. Tell me what do you know of the butcher?” Mr. Whymper asked.

Every animal knew of the butcher.

“While cruel farms would send animals to the butcher I will merely allow animals to volunteer for the butcher. That way they will have a solution should their lives get so bad. He will painlessly put you to sleep, and it will solve all kinds of problems. Animals outside will have a chance of coming in from the cold. more food to go around and less waste.” Mr. Whymper signal for Polly to agree, but for the first time in their relationship Polly withheld the approval.

“We must protect the most vulnerable of us,” Poly squawked in defiance. Poly then flew over to Clover and started grooming her mane.

“No,” Clover responded. Polly stopped grooming clover, and leaned in listening to the old mares, tired, meek voice.

“My choice is the butcher. My life has been long and full of hardship. I have toiled long at the fields and I’ve seen the impact of my labor, my choices, my actions, and my regrets. I don’t want to live like this anymore. Hopeless. Tracked. I feel more like property with this tag that I ever did under Jones or Napoleon. So you can keep your tag. I’d rather the butcher. The butcher can send me home to Boxer.”

Mr. Whymper and all the animals seem to move by her words.

“your wish shall be granted, and your sacrifice remembered” Mr. Whymper said.

Damien and Jericho decided after to choose the tag instead of the butcher. After that event every farm animal was tagged, they even managed to tag a few of the farm rats and pigeons but they could never catch them all.

Chapter 7

The loss of Clover haunted the farm for a few days. It had made a few animals so sad that they too volunteered for the butcher themselves.

Progress still marched onward however. After Clover was sent away, even the sadness could not stop the force of progress.

Although time stops for no one, it certainly felt like it did for old Benjamin and the rest of Clover’s close friends. A burden of wondering if they could’ve supported Clover more if things might’ve gone differently. The large animals that remained still tried extremely hard to be useful on the farm. The tractor had taken over a great deal of the work and horses indeed did suffer a lot. Cows and goats could at least produce milk, poultry could produce eggs, sheep could produce wool and even pigeons and rats managed to produce stories. Aside from labour and transportation the horses had little they contribute to the farm.

Mr. Whymper and the pigs were attributed to working harder than any other animal. with the pigs running the tractor and learning the basic mechanics and maintenance. They were producing significantly more with arguably much less of a cost. They were regarded as working harder than any other animal. What with implementing the three Rs, reporting, risk management and return optimization.

The pigs were considered a high ‘return optimization’ and therefore we’re giving plenty of TP or Team Passes. They were free to defaecate wherever and just use the TP as an excuse that they got a Team Pass. Other animals who didn’t qualify for Team Passes found the rules to become quite horrible. With not enough TP to go around, animals discovered a simple rule. The

more waste an animal created, the less food they got. The horses did suffer massively under this rule as they had little to offer of value and were certainly creating a lot of waste. Unfortunately they were simply not intelligent enough to manage it.

The reporting pigs were in all of the animal's business and often reporting to the Risk Management groups of pigs with literal brown noses. This was from getting too close to the animals waste. Arguably, though the farm continued to slowly get cleaner. No animal could argue the results. At least that's what the pigeons and rats told everyone. Although there was still waste on the farm it was being managed on a basis that animals with TP could defaecate freely while those without TP had many hard restrictions to follow. They would have to use designated spaces and trade food for bags and waste pick up services and although the sacrifice wasn't huge for most animals, the larger the animal was the more unfair the rules became.

Try as the horses might, they couldn't understand the problems of the small animals. Horses being so far up from the ground, they didn't have to deal with the waste as much and the small animals did.

The smaller animals on the other side, couldn't understand the problem the horses were having. Some of went as far as to tell the horses that they would just have to learn to produce less waste. A request that simply made no sense to the horses at all.

All three remaining horses were sleeping outside now, to make space in the barn for more and more animals. The farm kept adding new animals on a larger scale. Not concerned if the animals needs were being met, only that the waste rules were being followed. Other rules were important as well, especially when you had no Team Passes to avoid any real consequences.

When there was need the dogs would bring real consequences. The dynamic on the farm had shifted. Animals once regarded for strength now ridiculed as problem causers and deemed completely unfit for the small animals sympathy. Hard for the small animals to sympathize with animals so big and mighty when they themselves felt so tiny. Also, it was hard to sympathize with the biggest polluters on the farm who now also contributed the smallest amount of productivity.

"Horses are just a thing of the past," the animals would say. A statement the farm animals would soon find to be untrue.

Throughout the summer the animals started to analyze the massive construction of Stakeholder Manor. It was a massive building possibly three to five times the size of the barn. The animals began to wonder if the house was too big. With all the animals sleeping outside it felt like a bit of a betrayal to see such a big space for just a loan man and his parrot. The animals walked around the house a few times seated on the top of the hill overlooking the farm. Where the old windmill one stood. The animals felt like the windmill was the thing of the past too. Yet, still the animals had questions and would bring those questions to Mr. Whympers when he arrived.

When Mr Whympers arrived, it was on a stagecoach, pulled by four beautiful Andalusian show horses. As they rolled in each horse with a tag in its ear.

The current horses on the farm felt immediately betrayed. That the broker would have four new horses when there was not enough room and work for the three that remained felt like the biggest betrayal of all.

The animals all surrounded the stagecoach, demanding Mr. Whymper for answers. Mr. Whymper actually seemed quite prepared for this. In his hand he held today's newspaper and began to address the farm.

"My animals, I am happy to report, the farm is getting richer and cleaner at the same time." Mr. Whymper announced.

Although one could argue the farm was getting cleaner. Certainly none of the the animals were full of food or felt slightly rich. Even the pigs seemed to be slightly less off than they were before. Working hard on new problems the farm was having. This was save for the ones within Mr. Whymper's immediate circle. These pigs would influence the others to steer the course. The problem was that all the productivity of the tractor and the farm seemed to be funnelling upward to Mr. Whymper. Who legitimately claimed he had to pay the bank the money for the upgrades to the farm and the new equipment.

Jericho, the loudmouth rooster was the first to try to challenge the human's claim.

"Rich? You are calling the farm rich? There is barely enough chicken scratch to go around. You call this place the Stakeholder Manor, but this huge space being all for yourself that makes you the only one that's becoming rich. Some of us are trying and working so hard. We still can't get a place inside the barn to sleep. What is rich is that you called this a caring society," the rooster scoffed he was mad as ever as he clawed at the ground he looked ready to fight.

Although, Mr. Whymper's now faithful dogs stood idly by, willing to strike should the need arise. The broker of the farm waved them away as he unrolled his newspaper.

"You animals can read right? I mean some of you are literate, I understand." Mr. Whymper asked some of the animals could in fact read a bit while other animals pretended for the sake of not looking foolish in front of the crowd.

"I brought you this publication, animals, for you to understand what is happening, you will need to be informed by these human experts. It's the only way your small animal minds understand these big human concepts." The animals all leaned in eager to hear what the broker's experts had to say.

The newspaper rattled in the wind as he held it out for the animals to see .

"Let's see here... ah here it is 'all of London is suffering because of an epic defeat the mighty Sheffield FC. Who fought valiantly and lost a tragic defeat. This defeat was that great cost to many as Sheffield FC was heavily favoured to win this decisive battle.'" Mr. Whymper informed "don't you understand this defeat has all of England suffering. Animals are so fortunate to have me here. If I wasn't, this could've been economically devastating for you all." Mr. Whymper said smugly. "Of course, that is only if you trust the experts."

The animals were confused. They didn't even know what Sheffield FC was, but it sounded very important in the publication.

"Well, that might be true." The rooster Jericho soft scoffed. "but this house is still ginormous. Surely you are not so big to need that much space" the rooster scoffed.

"You silly rooster do you read" Mr. Whymper asked.

"No," the rooster admitted "I cannot. I get someone to read for me." Rooster responded.

"Then you are simply not smart enough to discuss any of this move along you cocky rooster. Your crows are empty and your opinion is uninformed. Animals let's all laugh at the

stupid rooster.” Mr. Whymper pointed, and most of the animals laughed in solidarity. As the animals laughed, one voice managed to cut through all their noise.

“Leaders must earn their legitimacy,” said Polly, who is no longer sitting on Mr. Whymper shoulder, but now perched the top of the horse carriage. The animals who were observant notice something was different about Polly. Polly’s flight feathers on its wings were missing, as though its wings had been clipped.

“Ah yes. Polly” Mr. Whymper stated “I’m glad you brought that up. You see the experts of humankind are making wise new discoveries. All the time.” Mr. Whymper turned to the real estate section of the newspaper.

“See.” Whymper said as he pointed at the paper. “Which of you animals can read?” Mr. Whymper asked. Out of the herd of animals marched Benjamin. The donkey was regarded on the farm as the most literate animal aside from maybe some of the pigs. Benjamin squinting into his old eyes to see the newspaper.

“It says ‘this is the space you always needed. This modern house has all the amenities a person needs to be happy.’” Benjamin read.

Mr. Whymper held up the paper for everyone to see “this house in the picture is no bigger than the one I’m building. Are any of you animals smarter than the experts? Any of you think that you know more than them?”

“That old farmhouse used to have humans. Where were the experts who built that house?” Asked Benjamin.

“Experts changed their minds as new science presents itself. You have no idea how hard the experts are working to make these claims” Mr. Whymper stated.

“I might not know these experts, but I know there was a time when the humans that lived in that house were happy.” Benjamin stated defiantly.

“Hey everyone, look at the stupid ass who thinks he’s smarter than the experts. Everyone laughed at him.” Mr. Whymper said, “only an arrogant ass would think himself above the experts that write this newspaper.” he concluded. Again most of the animals laughed in unison, ridiculing the donkey, and humiliating him. Strange enough, it was the animals who could not read, or rather did not, who felt the most embolden to ridicule the donkey.

The only ones not laughing were Benjamin and Polly. Polly sat there grooming itself, acting like it wasn’t paying attention at all and mornning the loss of its flight feathers.

“What about the horses?” Jericho, the rooster asked again “how can you justify four new horses when our horses here are struggling?” He grilled. “These are fine horses and they deserve to be the ones pulling your carriage.”

“You silly cock, sure those horses are good, but these are the best horses. These horses are considered top of the line according to the experts. Just look at this.” Mr. Whymper turned to the classified ads and there in bold print read ‘the world’s finest horses for sale’ and there was a picture of all four horses that were pulling the same cart Mr Whymper drove.

This satisfied all the animals who seem to have exhausted all of their questions. From this day forward many animals stopped questioning the experts.

Chapter 8

By the end of Summer, Stakeholder Manor was complete. Black smoke drained into the air as the new diesel generator of Stakeholder Manor pierced through the otherwise peaceful night. With it were the lights of the giant looming structure. Mr. Whymper had since moved in and started living there full-time. Every so often you would see him with his binoculars, looking out on the farm, managing it as a saw fit.

Discontent was growing among the animals as the rules began to get more draconian. Soon the cows and the goats found themselves feeling they were in exactly the same situation as the horses were. Displaced, undervalued and most of all, hungry.

The large animals decided to meet together on one of the fields when the lights in Stakeholder Manor went out. One of the cows, Dorothy had called a meeting and claimed to have found a solution. The animals that were still loyal to Benjamin's ideals of Animalism had found that they had finally broken and now something had to be done about Mr. Whymper and all of the changes that had been made to the farm. Dorothy claimed to have found a solution where the animals on both side sides could finally be happy.

They met in the field when the lights in the manor went out. Together, those loyal to the past ideals, and those who refuse to change, would discuss their fate on the farm. Even some pigs had become sick of Mr. Whymper's ways claimed loyalty to Animalism. They vowed to help in Dorothy's plan.

Dorothy was a plain old jersey cow. She was an older cow, mostly light brown with a bit of white hair. She had the animals circle around her as they discussed her new solution for the farm. For too many of the animals now, the problem had become too real.

Dorothy began, "the majority of animals appear to be on the wrong side, they have betrayed our ways and are now on the side of human society. Fortunately there are enough of us that are disenfranchised that we should be able to run a farm ourselves. For the sake of Animalism, I would propose that we animals strike out and take the newest fields as our own farm. A farm separate from this farm and whatever this has become. Let us return to the animal ways that once made our farm great for so many of us animals. The farm that was the envy of all animal kind," Dorothy stated. The animals cheered in agreement.

"It won't work stated," Benjamin interrupted. "I've seen this kind of thing before. If you think you can just leave or that you own any of this farm, you are only fooling yourself. I've said it before and I'll say it again hunger, hardship, and disappointment are just the unalterable way of life."

"But you were there, Benjamin in the fields with us! You were there" Dorothy proclaimed "You were there in the times when things were good. You remember those times don't you?"

"I was there. I remember. I thought maybe... I thought maybe... Maybe I could go back... But now... I see how some animals did suffer under Animalism. I wonder was it ever a sustainable solution" the donkey lamented.

All the animals were perplexed by the question, as proposed by their leader and strongest advocate of Animalism. They couldn't help but wonder was this still the same Benjamin?

"Animalism is not the problem, I mean certainly it is not perfect, but perfect is the enemy of the good. If it's perfect for one animal, it will not be perfect for others. That is for certain. We

need to find a way for animals to be responsible for their freedom and find solutions to deal with each other. Fairly, responsibly, and in true solidarity. Built on the kind of love that could have helped us save animals from Clovers fate, instead of bringing them to it. We can navigate that while also making sure no smaller animals are climbing over mountains of dung. Animalism isn't perfect, but it is certainly better than whatever this is. That much I know for certain."

"It's just not possible. I've gone over it a million times in my head and I keep coming back to the same problem. Some animals just can't be trained." Benjamin stated "Even you Dorothy." He accused. "The reason you are here is because is Mr. Whymper's laws are reaching you now too. When he was giving you more Team Passes for your milk at the start, things were fine, but as those Team Passes ran out and suddenly there isn't enough TP to go around. This is why you started planning this subdivision. None of you truly cared for the horses until their problems started becoming your problems. How much dung will you need in that field before it becomes a cow's problem? And how long before it becomes a chickens problem? It is no wonder they don't trust you anymore." Benjamin ranted.

"What about you, Benjamin? You have been given your share of TP too, but are your hooves so clean? Do you suffer the same food shortages that we do?" accused Dorothy "tell me Benjamin, why are you here?"

"I am here to tell you not to do it. Animalism is important yes, it's so important. So is keeping the farm together. We are always stronger together." Benjamin said.

"What do you even do on the farm anyways Benjamin? All I ever hear you do is complain. Even when there is a solution you just complain, then you just go along with the rest of the animals. I'm not sure what that adds to this farm or if our new farm needs you even," Dorothy stated.

"I work hard on the farm, not as hard as any big animal, but certainly harder than any small one," Benjamin stated. "I love this farm. It has given me everything. I just I feel like things could not be better or worse. Maybe it's just life the life of an animal." With that Benjamin lay down in the grassy field. In the brief silence of the generator being turned off, the animals took a moment to appreciate the beautiful starry sky. The night was cloudless and with no light pollution it was like every star could be seen.

"I pooped on a duck once," Dorothy stated out loud to break the silence. "It was completely by accident, I didn't know it was there. I felt so bad, and the duck was so outraged. The other day, when I complained about losing some of my food because I ran out of TP and I had to pay a penalty, that same duck that I had pooped on, told me that it was good. Good because if I ate less food, the odds were good that I would poop less. At first I was angry, until I recognized the duck. I don't think it will ever forgive me because I don't know if I could ever forgive it if the roles were reversed. So I won't ask it too. I'd rather just leave," stated Dorothy.

Jericho, the rooster sat there, listening to the story and couldn't help but ask a question. "Did you ever tell the duck that you were sorry about what happened?" Jericho asked.

"That duck was so angry. I don't think it would listen to me anymore," said Dorothy in response. "None of the poultry or the sheep care to listen anymore. Not unless it's about what the experts are saying, and none of us should ever question the experts." Dorothy sighed, she truly wished it would have never come to this.

“It’s just not a sustainable plan. Add more animals to the farm and expect less waste. Those four new horses. They are certainly the reason more animals are sleeping outside. They require so much more than regular horses and produce so much less. What if the tractor were to break? Those four horses combined couldn’t do the work of our three. We don’t need tractors. We don’t need waste rules. We don’t need banks. We can run a farm ourselves, free of the humans. That is what Animal Farm is meant to be, we will unite and tell Mr. Whymper tomorrow. Tell him that we are not going to take it anymore.” Dorothy said.

“We are always stronger when we stay together.” she proclaimed. Benjamin put his head down. He truly had no idea what to do now.

Chapter 9

Mr. Whymper awoke in his brand, new bed. It was a luxury he had spared no expense. After all he spent a lot of time in his bed. He felt it was an obligation to be well rested so we could make the best decisions for the farm.

“Good morning Polly” he said to the parrot as he started his morning routine of making breakfast and coffee. He took a moment to look out his windows and check on the animals with his binoculars. He felt as though they appeared to be acting suspiciously, grouping together and not doing any work.

“Leaders must earn their legitimacy.” Polly said, gliding over to the broker’s shoulder.

“Be with me today, Polly. Solidarity.” Mr. Whymper said, pleading the bird support.

Mr. Whymper had been working late last night on a plan to re-allocate space on the farm. This would help accommodate for the animals that were still outside unable to get space in the barn. His plans for the farm were nearly complete and he was determined to see them through to the end no matter what got in his way.

As Mr. Whymper went outside, he was met by a great deal of problems. Apparently, the pigs were having trouble with the tractor. Everything on the farm was at a standstill, and as the pigs were working diligently fixing the tractor there was a group of animals that began to rally together on the farm.

In the centre of this rally was Dorothy, a cow who seemed rather intent on talking to the broker.

Mr. Whymper, trying to start the conversation now positive led with his good news. “Animals of the farm I have the perfect plan to help make life better for those of you sleeping outside. You see I have found the perfect way of giving each of you animals. Everything you need in only five seconds. Imagine how many animals in the barn if we use five second cages. I called them five cages because these cages will have everything you need available to you within a five second walk. Food, water, exercise. All within five seconds of your bed. Doesn’t it sound great. You won’t need to go anywhere. If none of you animals are wandering the farm, then the farm will finally be clean and saved.”

“So does that mean there will be no more Team Passes?” Dorothy asked.

“Certainly not. Team Passes allow us to determine who can sustainably soil the field without it getting out of control.” Mr. Whymper responded.

“Ok, then will there be enough Team Passes for everyone?” Dorothy asked.

“Of course, not or we’d go back to acting like wild animals, unable to control the waste problem.” Mr. Whymper sighed. “Don’t you understand. We decide what’s best for the farm?. We decide who gets the TP, and if we are wrong, we are the ones who decide that we are wrong. Not you dumb animals.” Mr. Whymper lectured.

“Who is us?” a young pig, stood out from the group of pigs, who among many animals have now gathered around to hear the commotion “Us pigs don’t make decisions. We just do the work just like when Napoleon was in charge. We don’t get much of a vote, although I feel like we should. It’s always what you think will save the farm. That’s what we do.” The pig stated.

“We trust the experts. That is what we do. The human experts. The ones that know what they are talking about.” Mr. Whymper said. “that is what will save the farm from your animal waste. After all humans are not animals. We don’t excrete waste on the farm.” Mr. Whymper said.

Dorothy stomped her hoof defiance. “No!” She shouted.

Polly leaned in on Mr. Whymper’s shoulder. Silent, but listening intently to the conflict.

“No! No to all of that! Five second cages sound like an absolute nightmare for an animal. Animals need space to be animals. I don’t care what your expert say. We animals can decide how to run our own lives and you can’t stop us.” Dorothy affirmed to all the animals. “We must find another path than the one he has put forward.” She stated.

“What do you think your animals can do?” Mr. Whymper asked, hoping to call their bluff.

“We will build our own farm using the Pinkerton fields.” Dorothy replied. “We will have our own space to be animals. To practice animalism as we see fit. We will do our best work to resolve our differences should issues arrive. It might not be a perfect plan, but it’s good enough.” Dorothy stormed off with the animals in line.

“You can’t do that!” Mr. Whymper replied.

“Watch us!” Dorothy moored back and response as she led the charge for a new solution.

It didn’t take long for the animals to see Mr. Whymper running towards them. In his hand, he held a gun. Mr. Jones’s old gun. It was one the animals used for ceremonies and had forgotten at the base of the flagpole. Evidently, Mr. Whymper had found it and restored it into good working condition

“I need all of you animals to listen up!” he shouted after he fired the gun into the air.

The gunshot startled Polly, who glided onto a small tree, barely catching the branch. Clipped wings made it difficult to fly, but the noise of the firearm had alarmed Polly too much not to respond.

Mr. Whymper knew he had come too far to let his plan be ruined by a bunch of filthy animals with no regard for managing their own waste. With every animals eyes on him he knew he must make every word matter

“You animals cannot take this land for yourselves. I cannot allow it.” Mr. Whymper stated “Because this land isn’t mine to give.”

“It never was yours” Jericho crowed. “I was always told, Animal Farm belongs to the animals. Not to anyone otherwise.”

“Not anymore it doesn’t. Animal Farm doesn’t belong to you or I or anyone here on the farm.” Mr. Whymper said. “Animal Farm belongs to the bank.” Mr. Whymper announced.

All the animals gasped. Had they already lost all control? Dorothy didn’t seem convinced.

“How?” She replied back as if unable to understand, even faintly, how such a thing could possibly happen.

“You’ve seen our tractor, right? That is a Massey Ferguson 1130 and as good as tractor as they are, they don’t come cheap. We needed them, however, to replace you animals so that we could clean up the farm. You animals were making too big a mess so we afforded that as well as Stakeholder Manor. We afforded it by mortgaging the farm, so that I would be able to live here too and help you animals become housebroken and civilized.” Mr. Whymper persuaded in his most inviting voice.

Dorothy took a small step towards him. “What if we don’t want to be civilized? If this is what you think civilized is what if we just want to be uncivilized animals and chase you human off the farm, like the animals who came before us? What will you do then?” Dorothy ask aggressively.

Mr. Whymper sighed and held up his gun. The gun of the late Farmer Jones. Looking down the crosshairs at Dorothy he spoke slowly.

“Every revolution eats its children. Do you really want that? Which of you is willing to sacrifice their child? Who will leave their child parentless? Who? You heartless beasts! You care about nothing but yourselves,” Mr. Whymper cried out.

Mr. Whymper was shaking, holding the gun up. The animals stood staring down the human, the human staring them down right back. No one knew what to do or what any of them would do next.

“Then what if we just leave?” Dorothy finally asked “what if we leave and don’t come back would you let us go?”

Rain started to lightly fall in the early English morning. The cold fall rain soaked to every animal on the farm, including the human.

“You would never survive.” Mr. Whymper said back. “You animals would never survive out there on your own. The other farmers would pick you up for sure and that’s if you’re lucky enough not to be caught by a pack of wild dogs,” Mr. Whymper stated sadly, but suddenly he had an idea. “But what if there were what if there were another solution, one that I’m sure would work well for everyone,” Mr. Whymper said charismatically.

As the tension slowly eased, Mr. Whymper lowered his gun.

“What kind of solution?” Dorothy asked.

“Tell me, what do your animals know about... The auction?” Mr. Whymper asked.

The animals didn’t fully know what he was talking about, but when described by animals who have been through the auctions, they described it as going through some kind of system. A rather invasive system. One that didn’t seem to favour animals all too well.

“What I do know about the auction is that it was some thing made by someone who doesn’t like animals.” Dorothy replied.

“Oh my sweet cow you are mistaken the auction adores animals. In fact it was designed around finding a way to attribute value to life. People get to buy you and you certainly must know that only the ones that want you the most get to have you. Now that is value based on

demand surely they will treat you well if they are willing to spend so much money on you. It's really the perfect system for animals because whoever wants you the most will pay the most for you doesn't that sound special?" Mr. Whymper persuaded.

The animals meditated on the solutions presented before them. With their own farm out of the question, the fear of what revolution might bring or the dangers the animals could encounter should they leave, the auction was almost looking like the best solution.

"Don't do it!" cried a voice. It was Benjamin.

"Don't leave" Benjamin begged. "We are stronger together and the farm must stay together. Please don't do it. We can work this out. We can find another way. We can even go back to the old ways if need be." The donkey pleaded passionately.

"We can never go back to the old ways. We've already made a commitment with the bank. That commitment is not easily broken and because of that we must steer the course there is no going back. We have to service the bank, or we will lose the farm." Mr. Whymper stated.

As the group discussed their options suddenly there was a bunch of noise coming from Stakeholder Manor. The pigeons apparently were reporting something terrible had just happened.

The animals all rushed together to see what catastrophe had befallen Stakeholder Manor.

Beside the generator was a fuel tank, and as the animals could see, there was an aggressive fuel leak draining directly into the animals water supply. According to the pigeons, the water reservoir was already tasting like diesel. As the animals turned around they looked for who might be responsible. They all turned all their attention to Mr. Whymper.

"What will you do about this?" Jericho asked.

"Whatever I can! I'm losing fuel here!" Mr. Whymper slapped a quick patch over the leak which stopped its aggressive leaking, but it's still continued to drip however not nearly as aggressively. "Much better" Mr. Whymper stated.

"But what about the water? What about the pollution?" Jericho asked.

"Why am I even talking to you?" Mr. Whymper responded. "You are illiterate, and all of you animals should know that I am not accountable to any of you Beasts of England." Mr. Whymper lectured with the farmer's gun in hand. "Know that I will use excessive force if I need to."

Just then a loud noise was heard. It was the sound of the newly installed septic pump a pump out system that pumped out stakeholder manners, septic tank. The animals watched in horror as the septic from Stakeholder Manor shot out the pump and rolled graphically down the hill and into the reservoir as well.

"Cleanliness is the ultimate test of responsibility." Polly said walking back over to Whymper's side.

"Yes, a test but animals must serve human values not rule of them." Mr. Whymper responded.

"This is madness! If this is really your plan to save the farm than I only have one question left. Where is the line up for the auction?" Dorothy resolutely asked.

Chapter 10

Part 1

“The crisis is over” Mr. Whymper said triumphantly. He was pouring himself a drink using over how intense the weeks had been. Still, the farm was officially clean and the fall auction a total success.

Sure, there was still a little mess from both the septic tank discharge and the carriage, but those were working as intended and not causing that much a mess. Now that the animals were mostly contained in cages, animals now needed to earn their right of passage. To be free they must use their ability to follow the rules or otherwise be a major source of what Mr. Whymper called, Return optimization. Still, by Mr. Whymper’s measure, the farm was clean, and it was as clean as it would ever be. As clean as it could be. For future generations, the farm would be cared for from now on, by a mighty tractor. Which sent out black smoke, yes. However scientists were already working on a plan called ‘Diesel Exhaust Fluid’ that was certain to solve the problem forever.

“It’s a marvel isn’t it?” Mr. Whymper said to himself. “It all just worked out, perfect.”

“Perfect is the enemy of the good” said Polly. Mr. Whymper had forgotten Polly was even there.

“Polly! You startled me. You know, you’re not using that in the right context Polly.” Mr. Whymper told the bird.

The parrot climbed to the top of its cage and bobbed its head like it wanted attention

“We must protect the most vulnerable” Polly squawked. It seemed as though the bird had lots to say tonight.

“Not tonight, Polly. It’s a good night. I don’t want to think about some sad, old, dead horse. As the expression goes, don’t beat a dead horse.” Mr. Whymper pleaded.

“Those who fail to adapt will cease to exist.” Polly whistled back. As if it were trying to say something.

“That’s evolution.” The broker said “its survival of the fittest. Adaptation. That is the mark of survival... I didn’t invent that.”

Mr. Whymper was starting to get somewhat irritated that this animal would question his values. Where was the bird’s loyalty?, Polly was a good friend however, and Mr. Whymper felt he could help ease his friend’s bad opinion on the matter.

“This time it’s different, we were building a better farm for all!” the parrot snapped right back, pacing at the top of its cage. He repeated the settlement over and over. Emphasizing the “all” in a hauntingly self aware way.

“Building a better farm for all! building a better farm for all building a better farm fo-“

“That’s enough! The farm is better! Better than it’s ever been! The animals have space in the barn now and the farm is getting all cleaned up. It’s the best that it could possibly be. It’s....” Mr. Whymper trailed off.

“Values built on value?” Polly answered back.

Values. what a concept that had become. Every animal had a questionable value towards life regarding the lives of other animals, but when placed with the value of the life of the animal

itself, that value was the highest in the name of personal survival and in many cases in personal benefit.

The auction sent the argument of value to the players. These players, who were given the decision of what are you willing to pay for this animal? How much is it worth? Mr. Whymper had gotten a pretty penny for his three horses that he inherited with the farm. Still, it was nothing compared to the four that he purchased that were worth literally their weight in gold.

Farmer Braggart bought a few animals. Some of the pigs and Dorothy the cow. He had often told Mr. Whymper many times how much he wants to buy Animal Farm from him and in all honesty if the right offer ever came around, it would be very hard to say no. Mr. Whymper hated the smell of the farm, even though his farm was clean the other farms still stank so much that the smell was always in the air. Especially now as the surrounding farms spread their fall season fertilizer.

Poly repeated his statement again backwards. "Value, built on values" Polly stated again and again.

"You can't even evaluate, you dumb bird, why should anyone ever listen to you?" Mr. Whymper taunted.

"Leadership is an acceptance of responsibility not power!" Polly screamed back. The bird was not having any of Mr. Whymper's explanation. Polly had an evidently had enough.

"Oh, are you a leader now? Do you understand responsibility now, Polly?" Mr. Whymper scolded. For some odd reason, Polly's words seemed to be hitting a nerve with Mr. Whymper.

The bird bobbed its head up and down, "recognize your obligations to each other." Polly chirped.

"Animals must serve human values, Polly, not rule them." Mr. Whymper started to raise his voice in ire.

"Values are muscles that grow with exercise" Polly shot back.

"Yes, but I've taken the responsibility to bring the values of animals back in line with society. I am progress!" Mr. Whymper stated "what are you animals without me?"

"Animals are essential to progress." Polly stated back puffing up its feathers to make itself look big.

"Yes, Polly, they are essential and look at the progress we've made. I don't see what your problem is at all," Mr. Whymper pushed back. "What's your problem, Polly? What is really your problem?"

"Parrots live a long time," Polly stated back.

"What did you just say?" Mr. Whymper responded. For some reason those words hit harder than anything Polly had ever said.

"Parrots. Live. A. Long. Time." Polly said slowly, as if to emphasize his statement or speak, slower for the human to understand.

"I don't remember teaching you that." Mr. Whymper said slowly, more to himself than to Polly.

"Parrots live a long time" Polly continued.

"Yes, Polly they do, but we certainly cannot have this now, Can we?" Mr. Whymper said, grabbing the bird off the cage aggressively.

Polly shook around violently, but the bird refused to bite. It shook to break free but Mr. Whymper's firm grasp held. As he pulled Polly into the kitchen. Mr. Whymper then grabbed a knife from a knife block. He forced the bird to lie belly down on the a cutting board and placed his arms, elbow down, on the birds neck careful not to kill it.

"I. Love. You" screamed Polly still fighting to escape. A move, which allowed Mr. Whymper to catch it by the tongue.

Using his elbow and his fingers with his left arm, he managed to slice Polly's tongue out, clean with his right hand holding the knife.

"Animals are just humanity distilled." Mr. Whymper stated as the tongue broke free from Polly beak.

After the surgery, Mr. Whymper cleaned himself and Polly up.

"Solidarity, Polly." Mr. Whymper told the bird, who could no longer respond. Polly had tears in its eyes. Sure, it was an intense physical pain, but there was something that haunted the bird more. It's bond. You see it is the nature of a parrot to form a bond with those who take care of it. Be it a bird, or a human. That is its nature, and some animals cannot change their nature.

Despite the cruelty of the human, Polly knew that it would be by his side, forever.

Mr. Whymper started into his nighttime routine. As he got ready to go to bed, he caught a whiff of the farms nearby once again. Rather than selling Animal Farm, he felt he would rather buy it up and all the nearby farms too so that he could clean them like he did this one. When he crawled into bed he dreamed of something else. One day leaving the farm in a Ferrari, once all the farms are clean.

Chapter 10

Part Two

No one smiles on the farm anymore. It has become a bleak and desolate place. The barns have few windows and manufactured lights. The animals are all in cages now except for the four show horses, the housebroken pigs, the dogs, the pigeons, the rats, the cat, the human of course, and, for reasons unknown, the donkey.

For the rest of the animals, Mr. Whymper's dream of five second cages were a reality, not an ideal reality either as many cages were shared overcrowded spaces.

More animals volunteered for the butcher these days. More than ever before. Despite still producing the same as before the animals had felt their lives had become hopeless and meaningless. There was some hope to be found, sure. The hope that the more you support supported the leadership the choices on the farm, the more you followed the rules on the farm the more you kept your business clean then eventually, the more access you'd be given.

This was not the case for Jericho however, the poor rooster had great difficulty following the rules, and thus, would never see outside his cage again.

The donkey, Benjamin, would still make his rounds, checking in on the well-being of his fellow animals, stopping every time to stare at an artefact hanging on the wall. Staring intently at it, as if trying hard to remember something. He poured through his memories but it was too long ago. He remembered something an old boar said that he found himself repeating.

“I am an animal,
A free animal
Free to speak without fear
Free to graze in my own way
Free to stand for what I think right
Free to oppose what I think wrong
Free to choose our own animal future.
This heritage a freedom I pledge to uphold for myself
And for all of Animal Kind”

As Benjamin was making his wellness checks, he came across the sheep in a cage. This cage had not been cleaned in long time, and the sheep looked very troubled.

“Green hooves good, brown hooves bad. Green hooves good, brown hooves bad. Green hooves good, brown hooves bad.”

As it kept repeating those words, Benjamin noticed it’s hooves were more brown than ever. It’s wool too.

“Brown hooves bad. My hooves are brown. Brown hooves bad. I must be bad.” The sheep cried over and over like it was trapped in a loop

“This one might be next for the butcher” Benjamin thought out loud, as the sheep was in a total state of self hatred and anxiety.

“There’s no one left to save us now is there?” Jericho asked Benjamin from his cage. As they stared at the sheep they thought about it. It was true, all the large animals that existed on the farm now were completely loyal to Mr. Whymper and there were no free animals left that were large enough to do anything.

“I’ve been watching this one for a while now.” Jericho continued. “I don’t think she’ll have much time left if someone doesn’t do something.”

“I tell them that all the time, but with how they respond, it’s almost like they want animals to volunteer for the butcher,” Benjamin said.

“Well, I can’t say anything. I’m in trouble already these days no rooster speak out anymore. Those that do disappear. They say they volunteer for the butcher, but I’m not so sure, they never said once that they would. They seemed more angry than sad, but now they’re gone all the same.” Whispered Jericho, worried some animals might hear something and start talking.

“All for the good of the farm, I guess they say. They keep adding animals to the farm and then they blame the animals for all the problems on the farm and then they just seem happy to get rid of them.” Benjamin stated.

“You know something else that doesn’t make sense like really doesn’t make sense. The more I think about it the more it bothers me.” Jericho said.

“What is that?” Benjamin asked.

“Well, it seems to me that this issue could not be new like that there was no waste crisis.” Jericho said from his cage.

“How so?” Benjamin responded.

“Quite simply, animals would’ve been making messes our entire existence. Our parents, their parents, every single generation past. How could this have happened to us? What did we do

when we made messes in the past? How did we clean them up before?” Jericho asked. A question which somehow managed to spark a long dormant memory, lost deep in the donkey brain.

Benjamin walked over to the artefact on the wall stared at it once more and proclaimed “This. This was the answer. I remember Farmer Jones long ago used this to fix the waste problem, but I have no idea what it is what it does or how to use it.” said the donkey.

There on the wall, covered in dust, rust and dung, hung what would have been the answer to the farm’s problems.

A shovel.

Letter from the Author...

‘...And it was at that time that Moses the Raven visited the farm one last time. Looking in the barn window at the animals he pecked on the window and said, “this is certainly not Sugar Candy Mountain.” And then...’ Oh are you still here? The story keeps going I’m sure... but I don’t know where it goes from here.

I’m sorry everyone. I know you were expecting Orwell. He sends his regards and wants you all to know... ‘Smarten up. Stop acting like animals. We are human beings and we can change our nature. We can get over our differences and our own egos and come together. If we don’t, this is what will happen. Don’t let it happen. It depends on you.’

This is all according to the plan of the Canadian Prime Minister. His globalist and imperialist mindset won’t stop here. He exists as just a link in a massive chain. Read the first Animal Farm. Learn the lessons. Know why the stories are important. It’s because when the herd is united we can chase any evil off the farm. Divided however, we won’t last. Was that everything Orwell? Will you leave me alone? Oh yeah sorry, he says to Mark Carney, “your book’s double speak was so worthy of Orwell, you woke him up” and he also says... and I quote... “keep his name out your mother f—“ Oh! I can’t say that , you silly ghost!

As for me, I think you all need to read Carney’s book, Values, Building a Better World for All. I think he’d make a way better bestselling author than he ever will a world leader. If you liked my journey please show your support by buying Final Age of Magic novels. You can also show support by sharing this story and by visiting my website www.thefinalageofmagic.com. Even an ebook purchase makes a difference.

Writers like me can only be around if readers like you let us. I love you all and thank you for reading, you are the only reason I write. Alright Orwell’s ghost, you got me to write this book in just sixty days. Now go away. Shoo!

*The author,
Kelly Allers*

PS: please don’t cut out my tongue!



In December 2017 author Kelly Allers left his home and family behind in Edmonton, Alberta, and moved to the small town of Beaverdell, located in the Kootenays of British Columbia, Canada. He lives there with his wife Silica Gel Allers, on a small acreage along the river with their daughter and their animals.

Welcome back to Animal Farm,

It's been 80 years since Animal Farm was released and I know you are itching to see what the animals are up to. Unfortunately the farm is in crisis. Animal waste is polluting the farm. Luckily, ol' Mr. Whymper is here to save the farm using the methods I learned from Canadian Prime Minister Mark Carney's book Values, Building a Better World for All. Let's see if these Values work out for the farm.

Canadian Author and Fantasy Novelist Kelly Allers gifts Animal Farm: Factory Farming to the public domain as his author's response, to Mark Carney's book. You didn't read Mark Carney's book? That's ok you won't need to. You didn't read the original Animal Farm? That's ok, I'm careful not to ruin either book, or require you read them beforehand, but they do certainly add more to the story, just like the soundtrack I've included.

Now without further wait, let's see why the sheep are chanting "Green hooves good, brown hooves bad."

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